

VOLUME L

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children's luncheon; good
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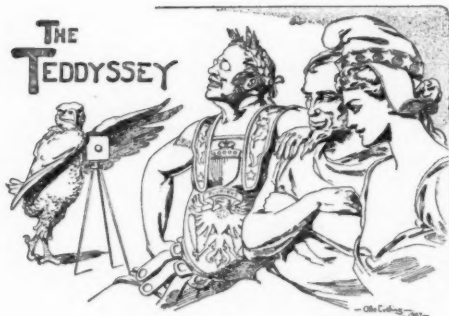
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LIFE



JEANNE D'AR. D'OILYANS. No. II—THE CAMP

LA FUSELLE MEETS THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY IN THE RUE WALL AND EXPLAINS HER PLANS TO DRIVE FORTH COMPETITION



Too Speedy

ND did our peremptory President exceed his authority when he ordered the pilot of *Hartweg* suspended? Probably not in letter, because the forms of law seem to have been followed in carrying out the President's command. Yet the pilot complained of does not seem to have enjoyed the privilege of having his case considered dispassionately and decided on its merits. He was prejudged to be guilty by the President, and he seems to have been found guilty on the strength of that prejudgment and not on the evidence. If that is the case—we are not

sure it is—here's hoping he will get his legal rights. But the chances are that he won't.

Mr. Roosevelt does not seem able always to remember that the President of the United States has the strength of a giant—of many giants—and is under the profoundest obligation to use it with the carefulest consideration of the rights of relatively feeble private persons.

Spiking Her Guns

"JOHN, I think it was real mean of you to"—

John laid down his paper and, turning to his wife, said wearily: "Before you say any more, my dear, I admit that I am

selfish, cruel, heartless and mercenary. I am devoted to my club, dislike my home, stay out late at night, do not consider your feelings, do not realize what a hard lot you have in life, and get all the pleasure I can myself. Now, go ahead."

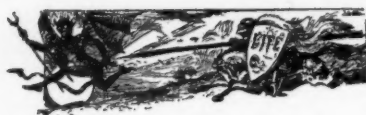
But there was nothing more to say.

NODD: At what age are children allowed to act on the stage?

TODD: Oh, anywhere up to seventy-five.

PENNER: The critics roasted your book, didn't they?

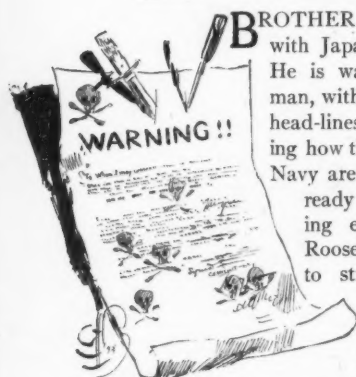
SCRIBLET: Yes; but not enough to insure its success.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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BROTHER LAFFAN'S war with Japan is doing fine. He is waging it, earnest man, with nice black scare head-lines in the *Sun*, telling how the Army and the Navy are sweating to get ready for it, and printing evidence of Mr. Roosevelt's disposition to strike before the other fellow does, when he thinks a fight is coming. Having taken strongly the position that the sending of the battleships to the Pacific would inevitably raise hob and make war certain, Brother Laffan is supplying the hob as far and fast as he can, and doing his apparent best to make sure that the war shall follow.

Inasmuch as he professes not to want a war, and probably doesn't, this course may seem a bit queer. But no doubt he is actuated by patriotic motives, and possibly his idea is that it is better for the country to have as much war-scare as possible now, when there isn't much ground for it, than to have it tagging along piecemeal later on, and making folks uneasy, and disturbing the markets and delaying recovery. Such is the restless enterprise of our newspapers that every possible disturbing story is sure to be flashed out at us, first or last, while the battleship fleet is on its way to the Pacific or wandering about in that ocean. If Brother Laffan can gather up and print all the inventable stories now so that we can get used to them, it is reasonable enough to argue that they will scare us so much the less later on. No story that we have heard before has quite so palpitating an effect on the nerves as a fresh one.

Meanwhile, the beamish Taft is radiating reassurance and good-will into the

dark and doubtful corners of the Orient. He has been well received in Japan, and joyously and affectionately in the Philippines, which is no more than his due, for he had done what he could to the last stroke to make the Filipinos happy. Now he has opened the Filipino Legislature, declaring that he likes it, and denying all assertions that he was disappointed in the results of the first election.



SOME of the Presbyterian brethren who had learned that the soldiers of the United States Army play baseball on Sunday requested the President to make them stop it. The President referred the request to Secretary Taft, who consulted the Judge Advocate of the Army, who said that State laws do not apply to Federal reservations. So the Secretary declined to interfere, because, as he told the committee, Sunday baseball is a time-honored sport in the Army, and conducive to good.

That is all as it should be, but it is likely that the Presbyterian brethren will not think so. They will doubtless consider that they have tried to do good, and have been thwarted for the time being, and they will probably return in due time to the attack. It is a pity that it should not be brought to their comprehension that Sunday baseball in the Army may be really conducive to good, and that Sunday baseball in general is not wicked, nor necessarily irreligious, but is a wholesome Sunday diversion for those who like it, and fit to share the day with religious exercises or pious observances of any kind.

The Sunday keeping of strict Sabatarians, whether of the Presbyterian breed or of some other, is a very amusing mixture of superstition and sense. So much of it as tends to make Sunday a day apart, to defend it from money-making and unnecessary work, and devote it to rest, worship and recreation, accords with sense. So much of it as restricts joy, and unreasonably prohibits one form of recreation while it permits another, is mostly superstitious. Sunday is an adjustable institution; extremely valuable, but not readily adaptable to

regulation by fixed rules. What is wise Sunday-keeping for one man in one place is not best for another man in another place. Because Sunday baseball is, on the whole, good for soldiers, it does not necessarily follow that it would be desirable for deacons—though it might. Moreover, what would mar the Sunday peace of one locality would not disturb the Sunday peace of another. The Presbyterian brethren will find good general ideas about Sunday-keeping in the early part of the New Testament. If they can once get the general idea right, they won't be so apt to go wrong about particulars.



SUCCESSIVE jolts and collapses in the Wall Street district continue to depress the spirits of many more or less worthy persons in this part of the world. It is rather a sad autumn in the East, and the falling of the leaves and the ending of the serial stories in the magazines find many families facing the future with nervous apprehension, and considering what more they can do to reduce expenses and adjust themselves to depleted means. No doubt this experience of the discipline of life, bad as it tastes now, may be good for them in the end. To come down from one level of expenditure to a lower one is very troublesome in the doing, but once it is done the change sometimes increases contentment.

It is worth noting that none of the latest jars which have disturbed Wall Street can be directly attributed to the maleficent activities of President Roosevelt. The Inter-Metropolitan mess can hardly be shouldered off onto him; nor yet the squash in Coppers; and the Hamburg bank that failed seems to have owed its distresses to troubles of purely European origin. As a chief source of all mundane activity he must of course be held to a partial responsibility for everything that happens, including the blowing up of the Du Pont powder works in Indiana, and the Hearst-Republican amalgamation in New York. That, however, is a different thing from being accounted the headstrong architect of ruin. A man may endure being regarded as a sunspot which is coincident with irregular doings, while he might deprecate being put down as a human earthquake.



BEATEN BY A BISHOP.

October



E.T. RICHARDS.

SOME SUBTLE DISTINCTIONS.



ALL RECORDS BROKEN.



THE ANGEL OF PEACE.



BIG GAME.



GERMANY IS ANTI-MORMON.



A. B. WALKER.

IT IS PROBABLE THAT ANTHONY COMSTOCK ENJOYED HIS SUMMER SEASON AT THE SEASHORE

On Shades Returned

DUST are the walls of Troy and dust the gold
Of that bright mirror which, when Helen leant
Above it smiling, smiled at her, content
Her one sole image ever to behold.
Age after age the gradual obscure mould
Has dropped upon the sepulchers where pent
In little rooms with arms and ornament
Argive and Dardan sleep the kings of old.

How can it be then, O ye gods, that now
I stand with Menelaus at the prow
Urging the straining rowers while the sea
Swirls from the deep-dipped oar and ceaselessly
Hear on the wind soft laughter, breathed sighs,
Till day and night are anguished with surmise?

Mary Wardwell.

Old and New



IF THERE were—as there ought to be—a rest-cure for overworked and worn-out words, the first to be retired from service should be the poor little monosyllable “new.” Once it was a sprightly word, conveying a definite impression to our minds. A new baby meant a baby-newly born; not a typical infant, brought up on enlightened principles and a sanitary substitute for food. Once we knew what we were talking about. Now nobody knows what anybody means when the “new thought,” or the “new religion” or the “new woman” is casually mentioned in conversation. We have even a “new school of dreams,” with Professor Marcel Foucault at its head, and are

assured that the relation between dreams and destiny (which we had supposed as old as Jacob's ladder) has a recently established scientific basis which will revolutionize our careless habits of sleep. By “neglecting the capacity to dream,” we have hitherto hampered our subconscious selves; but with a little more care in this regard we may rival Pharaoh's baker, and be hanged to prove the correctness of a theory.

And now comes along a benevolent Swedish lady named Key, who insists that she has some “new ethics” for women. Her influence, we are told, rests entirely on the modernity of her views. “She preaches a new gospel to an increasing circle of appreciative and enthusiastic readers. She proclaims a new freedom for her sex.” And her idea of an ethical novelty is: first, that marriage without love is immoral, and that love can be moral without marriage (a problem worn to attenuation by centuries of handling); and second, that parents should respect the authority of their children, which nobody—in America, at

least—ever presumes to doubt. “Not until father and mother bend their heads to the dust before the greatness of the child,” says this intelligent spinster, “not before they perceive that the word ‘child’ is only another expression for the idea of majesty, will they understand that they have as little power or right to prescribe laws for this new creature as they have the right to regulate the course of the heavenly bodies.”

It is interesting to know that the book, “Jahrhundert des Kindes,” in which this judicious precept is embodied, has gone through twenty-six editions in Germany. It is encouraging to be told that a translation will shortly be published in New York. But if its distinguished authoress imagines she is a pioneer in the field, let her come here along with her work, and make the acquaintance of American children. *Agnes Repplier.*

Fall Styles in Morals

SHADY tints are still in vogue, and, as usual, will be worn by the best people. Some extremists, of course, who affect the bizarre, prefer single ladies to other men's wives and drink sloe gin. But the best people never go to extremes.

There are some new grafts displayed by railroad financiers. But, generally speaking, the established methods are still in good form.

Alcoholic colors are largely worn. These range from a washed-out white to deep purple. They may be seen almost anywhere.

Artificial morals are in great demand this year, especially in the churches. It is often hard, indeed, to tell them from the genuine.

Generally speaking, there is great latitude for individual taste. The best authorities agree, however, that in these days no gentleman will ever wear his morals in a conspicuous manner.

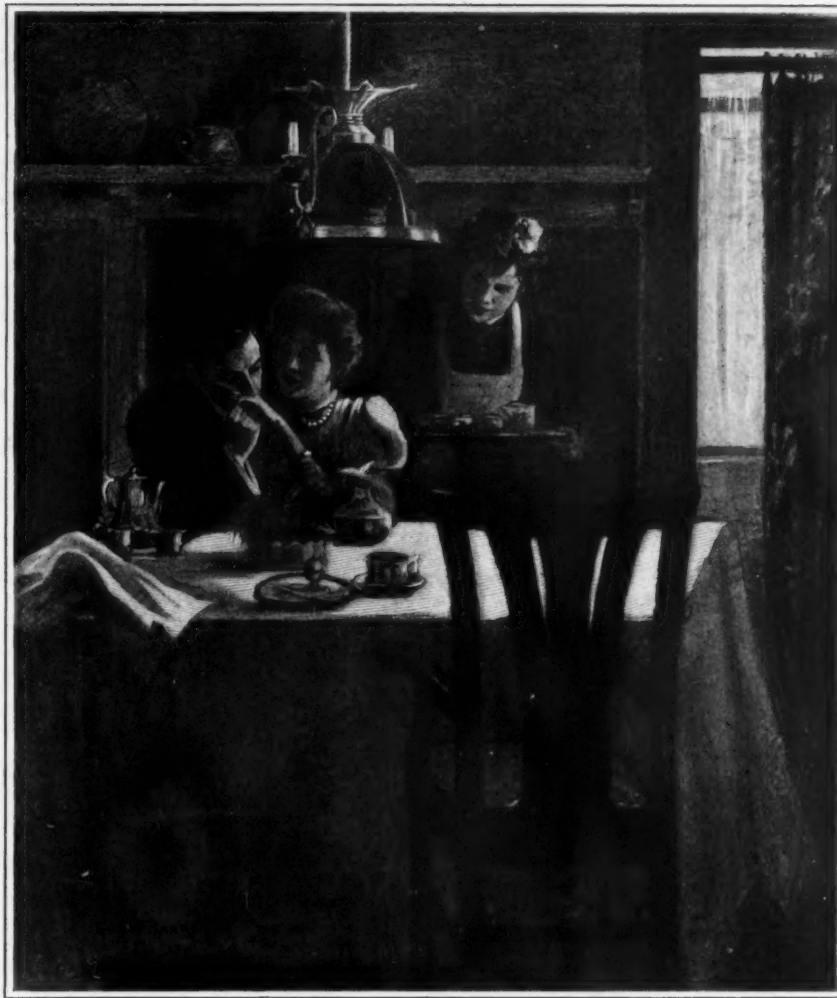
Give Us Prettier Money

WHAT about the Saint Gaudens designs for our gold coins? Are we to have them? It was reported that the face on the coins was in such high relief that the coins would not stack, but surely that drawback could be overcome. Then there is the objection made at the September convention of the Independent Order of Americans that the face on the coin being that of an Irish-born girl in whom Mr. Saint Gaudens found the model he wanted, the coins ought to be rejected. That amusing protest only increases public interest in the new designs.

It recalls the experience of a recent traveler who journeyed from New York to New Haven. In the car were a score or two of new-come immigrants who wore brighter colors than is common here, and the women had no hats, and the traveler put them down as Italians. The more he watched them the more familiar they looked to him. "They look wonderfully like the rest of us," he said to himself, and then suddenly he knew that they were not Italians, but Irish. He is not surprised that Saint Gaudens, himself half Irish, found the typical American face that he wanted in a handsome Irish waitress.

Let us have Saint Gaudens's Irish-girl coins by all means, and the suggestion of different colored bank-notes—lead, green, brown, orange, pink and white—has esthetic attractions also. Our associations with money of late have been much too somber. Pink twenty-dollar bills and white fifty-dollar bills would be a cheer-

ing influence, and maybe it would be easier to hang on to such pretty money—and to the pretty new gold pieces—than it has been of late to keep in touch with the money we know.



THEIR FIRST BREAKFAST

Others

MISTRESS: Why, Bridget, it seems to me you want very large wages for one who has had so little experience.

BRIDGET: Sure, mum, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?

POETRY is that manner of literary composition which exhibits, more or less obviously, the metrical and rhythmical form; which so chooses its words as to affect the ear with a musical flow of sound; which, by means of suggestive imagery, projects upon the sympathetic mind a succession of strongly wrought pictures, and which doesn't sell.



THE SCHOOL BORED



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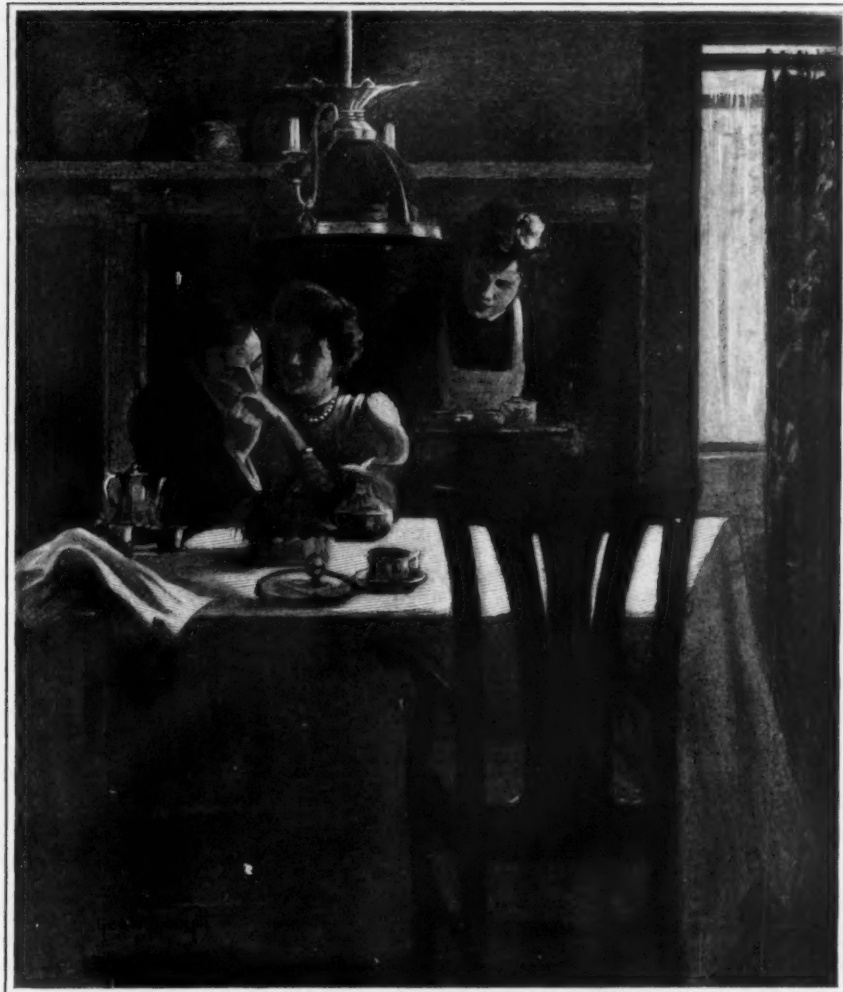
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THE SCHOOL BORED



"GETTING THE CREAM"

A Ballade of Hallowe'en

THE heap of pippins at the door
And russets in their coats of tan;
The pumpkins on the barn's white floor,
And corn—the dusty miles from Dan
To Beersheba it would span!
These gifts of Ceres, goddess, queen,
Remind us of the goodly plan
To learn one's fate at Hallowe'en.

Each hastens through his final chore,
Then forth comes tub and milking-pan;
And as they came in years before,
The lead and scissors, salt and bran.
The favor of some pixy clan
Must be bespoken, from the scene
Conditions untoward to ban,
To learn one's fate at Hallowe'en.

My years shall be how many score?
The antic nonsense of a fan
Decides; an ancient mirror more—
If I shall wed with Ned and Nan!
Yet by the Muse of lines that scan
It is of all hard things terrene
The hardest since old Time began
To learn one's fate at Hallowe'en.

Hortense, have pity if you can
And drop your coldly cruel mien:
I'm anxious as no other man
To learn one's fate at Hallowe'en.

Edward W. Barnard.

Popularity

HOW much of our Mr. Roosevelt's stupendous popularity may rest upon that most valid prop of the divine right of kings; namely, the natural delight which human nature takes in a staving good despot? If you speak of popular government, what government has ever been so popular as that of the monarch who rose to his responsibilities?

We are a great people, and not more great than busy. Life is short, especially late years, and we can but ill spare, from our more pressing duties, the time to govern ourselves. Accordingly, when we find the able man, who is willing to reign over us about right, we are not apt to be exacting with him. We indulge him his foibles, even though they cost us money. We let him shy his castor into the ring of world-politics, quarrel with the property interests, dig canals, stir up the negro problem, write ten messages a minute, call whomsoever he will whatever sort of liar he likes, anything, almost, if only he will keep on being our king and relieve us from the troublesome need to be ourselves sovereign.

His Dying Request

THE last lobster crawled wearily into the kitchen of the Worldorf.

"Serve me hot or cold, à la Newburgh, or in a salad," he exclaimed, "but if you love me keep me long enough so that I can give some bloated aristocrat a good old-fashioned dose of ptomaine poisoning as a parting remembrance."

NEW motto for the disappearing gold-eagle: IN TED WE BUST.



"SURE, I HIT THAT RABBIT. I'LL HAVE TO CRAWL IN THAT HOLE AFTER HIM."

Who Would Make the Worst President—And Why?

No. 27

IF YOU want a receipt for the very worst President,
Paraphrase Gilbert's song, "Heavy Dragoon,"
Take all the worst things of each prominent resident,
Rattle them off to a popular tune.

The craft of A. Hamilton, cunning of Aaron Burr,
Acid of Adams (John) baiting Lord Howe,
The weakness of Franklin for petty *affaires de coeur*,
Rashness of Paul Jones in courting a row.

Take some of Hearst's yellow paint (not too much of it),
Treason of Arnold, ambition of Gates,
A flavor of Harriman's mode (just a touch of it),
Rockefeller's hunger for railroad rebates.

"Bill" Taft's displacement and Fairbanks's hoodoo,
Root's self-effacement and Bryan's gold bugaboo,
Croker's graft appetite, Ted's strenuousity,
Eke his impulsiveness, eke his verbosity.

Platt and Depewism, Foraker's fire,
White House expertness in branding a liar.
Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible.
Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,
And the worst President is the residuum.

J. B. WALKER.

No. 28

THEODORE ROOSEVELT would make the worst President, because to superb natural qualifications he adds the advantage of long practice.

No. 29

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
Why?

"What man has done, man can do again."
C. A. HYDE.

No. 30

JOHAN D. ROCKEFELLER.
Why?

There are 29,240,000 reasons.
Respectfully submitted,
ROBERT FRAZIER.

No. 31

UNCLE JOE.
For tho
His youth doesn't matter,
He's a stand-patter.

J. E. DE GRAFF.

No. 32

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST,
As President, would be N. G.
Twice the people have reversed
Mr. William Randolph Hearst.
In any office he's the worst.
A never-on-the-job M. C.,
Mr. William Randolph Hearst,
As president, would be N. G.

GERALD RATHBURN.

Big Bill



THE great current question about Secretary Taft is whether he has got a boiler of his own or is permanently belted onto a line of shafting which owes its revolutions to steam furnished by another statesman. It is curious that this question should press so hard for consideration. The big Secretary is one of the finest pieces of human machinery there is in sight, and works to the admiration of almost all observers, but the intimacy of his connection with the Roosevelt boiler operates undoubtedly to the prejudice of his independent aspirations. It has been a long, hard job to get him to countenance and acknowledge the aspirations at all, and now that he has done it he won't emphasize their independence.

We don't make out as yet what is going to happen to him. If he is a shadow, he is the biggest, most substantial and most wholesome shadow that ever a President cast.

But he is not a shadow; he merely masquerades as one, and does it only because the part he has been cast for seems to demand it.



Uncle Amos: NOW IF THET CROW LIGHTS ON THET STAKE, I'LL TRY A LITTLE SHARP-SHOOTIN'.



THE SHARPSHOOTER



AND THE VICTIM

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RUBBER



FOURTH BEST



CUTTING



FOLLOWING SUIT



A GUARDED QUEEN



RE CONVENTION



PASS THE MAK



BRIDGE-IT



HE CONVENTION



PASS THE MAKE



BRIDGE-IT

ONAL ME OF BRIDGE



GOING BACK



GOING OVER



WITHOUT



NO PENALTIES



PLAYING TO THE SCORE



A Little Lesson in Logic

IN TRACING cause and effect there is a process in logic which consists in grouping a number of results and then grouping by themselves the causes which led to each one of them. If where the results are the same we find invariably present in the groups one particular cause, it is logical to conclude that that one cause is an essential to that particular result.

Going further, we find that when some of the results are directly the opposite of the others and from the groups of causes the one we have noted before is invariably absent, we have a still greater right logically to blame or praise that cause for being the essential and primary cause of the one kind of result, bad or good as the case may be.

It has been repeatedly stated by the enemies of David Belasco, more often in private than publicly, that he is not the author of the plays produced under his name or in collaboration with others; the charge being even put so grossly as that he has made his suc-

cesses by stealing the ideas of other persons. No better refutation of this charge can be found than by a simple use of the logical process above outlined.

Mr. Belasco has written plays by himself. Result, success.

Mr. Belasco has written a play in collaboration with Mr. A. Result, success.

Mr. Belasco has written a play in collaboration with Mr. B. Result, success.

Mr. Belasco has written plays in collaboration with C., D., E., F., etc. Results, successes.

Messrs. A., B., C., D., E., F., etc., have written plays by themselves. Results, almost without exception, failures.

Messrs. A., B., C., etc., have written plays in collaboration with each other and with others. Results, failures.

To the mind that can reason at all it would seem that all that is necessary to silence forever the silly claim that Mr. Belasco is not the real and practically the only dramatist responsible for the plays that have his name as part or whole author, is to use a little logic, or giving it its more usual name, a little common sense.

Any one can dig clay. The genius is the one who molds it into a perfect statue.

DAVID BELASCO would doubtless admit, himself, that his successes are based less on profound learning and knowledge of scholarly forms than they are on his expertness in the technique of stage situations, stage mechanics and state literature. In these things he seems to have the power of a magician,

but after all, what has probably been his greatest resource in creating successful productions and gives him his strongest claim to the title of genius has not been mentioned. This is his subtle knowledge of how to appeal to the emotions of the varied humanities gathered into an audience. The successful orator and the successful advocate are successful through the possession of this faculty, but they deal with their humanity face to face. The dramatist must work through a complicated mechanism and out of personal touch with those he seeks to move. By the sureness and the directness of this appeal, even though he may be indebted to others for part of the material with which he works, David Belasco has established beyond cavil or question his title to greatness as a dramatist.

* * *

ON THE sixteenth of October David Belasco came particularly and specially to his own. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coming to New York and he marked it by producing in a theatre of his own in ownership and planning, a play of his own construction, interpreted by a company of his own organizing and training, headed by an artist in whom he had discovered the something which has brought David Warfield from the variety stage to his present eminence and which may yet place his name at the very top of the roll of American actors.

* * *

SOME critics are afraid that they will not be considered critical unless they withhold their praise from accomplishments which are not in the very highest field of endeavor. "A Grand Army Man" does not aspire to be a classic tragedy, a tremendously emotional drama, nor a polished comedy. It is a plain tale of homely persons, but it is what it sets out to be and it achieves its purpose in perfect fashion. It is a finished work, not only in the material details which many stage directors might make perfect with industry and study, but in the more subtle task of making patent the mental operations of the characters involved. The Grand Army man of every-day life does not impress one as very romantic material, but in the present case we are made to see the romance of younger lives

through the eyes and feelings of the veteran who is living more in his boy's life than his own. The love affair of *Hallie* and *Robert* is dramatically nothing in itself, nor is the crime of *Robert* of importance, but translated through the personality and parental affection of *Wes Bigelow*, they become of vital dramatic value.

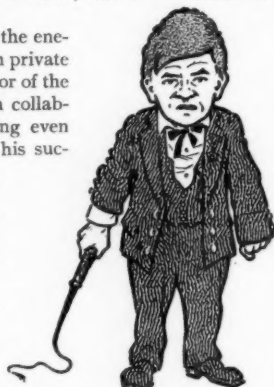
And so with the other characters and incidents. It is said that to gain certain effects of light and color, Mr. Belasco utilizes a large number of differently shaded and tinted lights centered on the spot or space he seeks to distinguish. In the same way he has availed himself of the love story, the crime and many other apparently trivial or amusing episodes to bring into distinction the character of *Wes Bigelow*.

* * *

IN THIS effort Mr. Belasco has been splendidly aided by the unusual directness, sincerity, clearness and naturalness that marks the acting of Mr. Warfield. *Wes* is a creation



ANTOINETTE PERRY
AS *Hallie*



MR. WARFIELD AS
Wes Bigelow



MR. DALY AS
Hickman



MARIE DATES AS
Letitia



MR. FAX AS
Captain Bestor



"GEORGE, I'VE GOT A PAIR OF SHOES THAT MIGHT FIT YOU. WHAT SIZE DO YOU WEAR?"

"WHY—AH—SEBBENS—EIGHTS—NINES—TENS—LEBBENS—AH AIN'T PETICKLAH 'BOUT HALF SIZES, SAH."

entirely distinct from the timid and retiring old German of "The Music Master," but in its own way quite as clear-cut, defined and moving in its appeal to our sympathies. In the other parts Mr. Belasco has shown his usual perspicacity in choosing artists capable of being molded to the exact requirements of the rôle. The personality of Marie Bates fits absolutely into the lines of *Letitia*, *Bigelow's* old-maid housekeeper, and his two young lovers, impersonated by William Elliott and Antoinette Perry, have all the spontaneousness and enthusiasm and simplicity that goes with real youth. To get this effect of perfect genuineness in two such parts is perhaps more difficult than the fidelity which attaches to the more pronounced types, such as the corrupt judge, *Hickman*, the veteran from the soldiers' home, *Bestor*, the Grand Army lawyer, and others, but Mr. Belasco has succeeded in bringing all his units up to the same individual plane of individual excellence and uniting them into a most harmonious whole. The staging of "The Grand Army Man" is in perfection of detail and completeness of effect no more than what Mr. Belasco in his other productions has educated us to expect. He has dealt with material giving him broader scope and room for more gorgeous display, but he has never made more faithful pictures.

THE new Stuyvesant Theatre described in detail would swamp our space in mentioning its many artistic and architectural merits. It is the result of the best brains procurable working under the intel-

ligence and experience of a master of the-atrial requirements. The result is a house comfortable, convenient, secure against fire and panic, and in its decorations subdued, harmonious and a joy to the eye.

The opening of this new theatre and its provision of agreeable entertainment for the public to be enjoyed in an environment free from everything open to objection, is a fitting crown to Mr. Belasco's quarter century of hard work, devotion to one purpose and fearlessness in the face of determined and cruel opposition. And it is a success not for Mr. Belasco alone, because the theatre-going public will also find in Mr. Belasco's accomplishment a generous share of enjoyment.

* * *

"THE TOP O' TH' WORLD" at the Majestic is a musical extravaganza of the same type as "The Wizard of Oz." It is made up of fun, glitter, music and attractive femininity in about equal proportions. It has a lot of laughter in it and some rather tuneful numbers. One of these latter, "How'd You Like to Be My Bow-wow-wow?" is a novelty, being interpreted by six comely young women assisted by an equal number of intelligent and well-mannered collies.

"The Top o' th' World" should be an efficient holiday attraction for children and bald-headed gentlemen. *Metcalfe.*



Academy of Music—"The Lion and the Mouse." Mr. Charles Klein's successful and interesting Standard Oil drama.

Alor—Mr. Raymond Hitchcock as the star in "A Yankee Tourist." "The Gallopers" in musical guise. Diverting.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho." Picturesque and exquisitely staged drama of early California days, well acted by Frances Starr and well selected company.

Bijou—Ibsen's "The Master Builder," interpreted by Mme. Nazimova, Mr. Walter Hampden and good cast. Ibsen well done.

Casino—"The Gay White Way." Music, girls, and imitations of recent dramatic successes.

Criterion—"The Dairymaids." Musical piece from London. Fairly amusing.

Daly's—Margaret Anglin, Mr. Henry Miller and good cast in American problem play, "The Great Divide." Interesting story well interpreted.

Empire—"My Wife," with cast including Mr. John Drew, Billie Burke and Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk. French comedy, well acted.

Garden—Puccini's agreeable musical setting of "Madame Butterfly" sung in English.

Hackett—"When Knights Were Bold." Mr. Francis Wilson and comedy company in farcical exploitation of modern personalities in medieval surroundings. Reasonably diverting.

Herald Square—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Mr. Lew Fields and excellent company. Light but amusing musical farce.

Hippodrome—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Amphibious spectacle ballet and "Wild West." All good.

Keith and Proctor's Theatres—Stock companies and vaudeville, changing from week to week.

Lincoln Square—Aborn Opera Company in repertory of light opera.

Lyric—Bertha Kalich in Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Sappho and Phaon." Notice later.

Majestic—"The Top o' th' World." See above.

Stuyvesant—Mr. Belasco's new theatre, with Mr. David Warfield in "The Grand Army Man." See opposite.

Weber's—"Hip! Hip! Hooray!" Not especially amusing.

West End Opera House—Traveling companies in well-known plays.

His Literary Hit

SIX years ago he wrote a tale Which had a most tremendous sale; It brimmed with pungent epigrams, 'Twas called "The Marys and Their Lambs."

The scene was laid in some domain The search for which would be in vain— 'Twas, said each bookish oracle, Historical.

One year went by, 'twas dramatized— The critics all were much surprised When public, pulpit and the press Declared it was a huge success. The author, too, was greatly moved At seeing what a hit it proved. He took, though, with all loyalty His royalty.

The second year it whooped along, Transformed into a comic song, Also in expurgated form It took the goodly folk by storm; The third year added to his fame— The tale was made a parlor game; The book, instead of thinning out, Was winning out.

The fourth year it was lectured on With slides in a stereopticon; The fifth year he much cash derived— The first edition was revived. And now a corps of brainy men Are working on the thing again— No doubt 'twill leave the hopper a Grand opera.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.



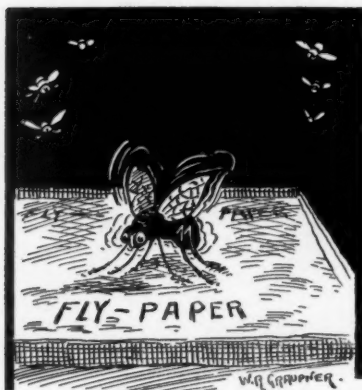
"AND I USED TO THINK THAT WILLIE WAS WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD!"

THE LATEST BOOKS

SINCE a new novel by the author of *The Divine Fire* can hardly fail to arouse the anticipations, interest and curiosity of English speaking readers, Miss May Sinclair's *The Helpmate* is (until one has read it) one of the most important of the new books. But while one read *The Divine Fire* with growing wonder at the imaginative scope and creative skill of its almost unknown author, one lays down *The Helpmate* marvelling that the same writer should have lavished such loving labor and such elaborate artisanship upon material so unworthy of them. The novel is practically devoted to the study of a single character, a shallow nature convinced of its own depth. A sympathetic satirist would have plumbed it with a heaved lead and a cheery "By the mark, four!" Miss Sinclair brings to the task a deep sea sounding apparatus, five miles of fine piano wire and delicate instruments of precision. And after all she strikes bottom at four fathoms.

A baker's half dozen of good yarns by Thomas A. Janvier are to be found under the title of *Santa Fe's Partner*. Santa Fé Charley was a faro dealer in Palomitas; Palomitas was in New Mexico; and New Mexico was in the 1870's and in the throes of acquiring civilization. Santa Fé's partner was a young lady known as the Sage Brush Hen and the yarns are spun by an ex-resident of Palomitas whom one somehow imagines as speaking with a slight drawl and having a twinkle in his eye.

Considered in its proper character of a fictional sleight of hand entertainment, Roy Horniman's story of *Lord Cammerleigh's Secret* is highly successful. It is always amusing to have the flip of complete



"'TIS HARD TO PART"

plausibility given to the improbable, even when the actors have no intrinsic interest of their own. And Mr. Horniman's characters are handicapped by no such deficiency. The hero walks the tight-rope of an audacious bluff to the carrying out of a precarious bit of polite blackmail, and his unconscious abettors, drawn with a light cynicism which is far from being uninformed, are, cleverly enough, led into accepting an impossible situation by their own oversophistication. The book is thoroughly good fun.

There is a legend that Shem and Japheth quarrelled on the Ark. Shem maintained that in literary matters it was not what you said, but how you said it, that counted; and Japheth declared that how you said a thing was altogether immaterial provided you had something to say. Later on Moses wrote Genesis to prove that they were both wrong. The matter is brought to mind by Norman Bridge's essays, published in a volume called *House Health*. The author of these papers is something of an analyst, something of a psychologist, something of an observer. He has watched, compared, drawn conclusions, and has something to say about various aspects of daily life. But the way he says it emphasizes the wisdom of Moses.

The experiences of a couple of ardent collectors of old furniture, a couple who from chance beginnings have made the subject a hobby and the search for treasure a recreation, are recounted in *The Quest of the Colonial* by Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. The book differs, very acceptably, from the ordinary treatise upon styles and periods. Although it is full of information and suggestions, it is not a work of reference for would be learners, but a charming chat with fellow enthusiasts, and illustrated for the most part by photographs of the actual pieces, by no means always of the finest, spoken of in the text.

Booth Tarkington's storiette, *His Own People*, is an amusing sketch full of color and, for the matter of that, of something more. A youthful poet from Ohio who has saved enough money for a glimpse of Europe is the hero of the tale, and his brief commerce with the Roman "aristocracy" is its subject. The Countess de Vauregard and her select international salon of black-legs are a rapid and distinctly clever bit of character work.

The demonetization of sex is one of the cherished achievements of the Anglo-Saxon, and many good people are panic stricken these days because the scientific spirit and the claims of specific, as opposed to conventional, morality seem to threaten a resumption of specie payment. Gordon Hart,



"MY DEAR, IT'S A GREAT CONVENIENCE TO HAVE THE RESTAURANT SO CLOSE TO THE HOUSE."

the author of a little volume called *Woman and the Race*, is an earnest if somewhat radical pleader for a sound currency. Those who are interested in the subject will find the book a tentative but not an unprofitable one.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Helpmate, by May Sinclair. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

Santa Fe's Partner, by Thomas A. Janvier. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Lord Cammerleigh's Secret, by Roy Horniman. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

House Health, by Norman Bridge. (Duffield and Company. \$1.25.)

The Quest of the Colonial, by Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. (The Century Company. \$2.40.)

His Own People, by Booth Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$0.90.)

Woman and the Race, by Gordon Hart. (Ariel Press, Westwood, Massachusetts. \$1.00.)

Enterprise

IT IS peculiarly a mark of our enterprise that we should have imported forty millions' worth of diamonds during the last fiscal year. It shows how much better we order certain things than do some other nations, the English, for instance.

In England, such is the persistency there of even an unfortunate habit, it still takes three generations to make a gentlewoman, whereas with us three pecks of diamonds will turn the trick quite handily.

The saving of time is obviously enormous, and time is everything these days.

R. B.



W. L. Dyer

A LONG STORY



IT WAS THE REAL THING

A Philadelphia property man was relating, in a sad and respectful voice, his memories of Richard Mansfield.

"If one worked hard," he said, "one got on with Mr. Mansfield well. He never rebuked me but once, and then it was hardly my fault.

"It was a sultry afternoon in the spring, and we were rehearsing one of the Mansfield plays—I think it was 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'—and here and there I had to supply a clap of thunder.

"Everything went well for a time. Then, in an unexpected place, a loud roar of thunder rumbled forth. Mr. Mansfield hurried to me.

"Look here," he said, with a hurt look, "do be careful, won't you? A mistake like that would be very serious before an audience. That clap of thunder came in the wrong place."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Mansfield," said I; "but it wasn't my thunder. It came from outside."—*Washington Star*.

TUDOR JENKS, the author of many bits of humorous verse and prose, has always had difficulty on first meeting people in getting them to accept his name as his own. They insist on regarding it as a rather odd pseudonym. Recently the matter has grown worse and he has experienced difficulty in establishing its right in articulate speech. The other day, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Mr. Jenks was an involuntary witness to a fight between two cab drivers. The men were promptly arrested and Mr. Jenks was hailed to court with them to tell what he had seen. The police magistrate was elderly, gruff and short-tempered.

"What is your name?" asked the lawyer.

"Tudor Jenks."

"Once more, please."

"Tudor Jenks."

A sharp rap from the Court, and this, explosively:

"Witness will stop making a funny noise and give his name!"—*Saturday Herald*.

"Why did you resign from the vegetarian club?"

"I was expelled because I called one of the members a calf!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"GREAT SCOTT!" said the doctor to his servant. "Has nobody called during my two days' absence? I left this slate here for callers to write their names on, and it is perfectly clean."

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the servant, cheerfully. "A lot of folks has come. An' the slate got so full o' names that only this mornin' I had to rub 'em all out to make room for more!"—*Cleveland Leader*.



"I WOULD HAVE INVITED THE OTHER FOLKS FROM THE BARN-YARD, BUT I GUESS THEY ARE NOT INTERESTED IN AQUATIC SPORTS."

At the closing exercises of a Syracuse school a little girl was asked: "Who is the head of our Government?"

"Mr. Roosevelt," she replied, promptly.

"That is right," said the teacher, "but what is his official title?"

"Teddy!" responded the little miss, promptly.—*Wasp*.

A DREAM

Wishing to learn what his nephew would say, Uncle Charles asked little Fred, "What would you do if you stood at the root of a tree with your foot on the head of a live rattlesnake, a tiger was crouching on a branch above ready to spring, and you saw a wild Indian running at you with uplifted tomahawk?"

"I should wake right up," was the unexpected reply.—*Circle*.

"THE CLERK OF THE DAY" in the Boston *Transcript* tells this story: "Two of the 'Clerk's' neighbors were recently battling over the Commonwealth Country Club links. All went fairly well, although bogey remained practically intact, until they reached a tee overlooking a pond. Each drove furiously, then cautiously, a half-dozen balls into the murky depths of that pool. Standing near by was a little girl, stupid but curious. After the twelfth ball had plunged to rise no more she queried blankly but sincerely of the golfer: 'Say, mister, what is the fun in this game?'"

SENATOR MORGAN once threw down a magazine with a sneer. "Another nature fake!" he exclaimed. "Why, these things are as absurd as—as absurd as"—And then he laughed and said that it reminded him of an address that he once heard an absent-minded missionary make. "In China, dear friends," said the missionary, "human life is regarded as of but slight value. Indeed, if a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death, he can easily hire another to die for him; and I believe many poor fellows get their living by thus acting as substitutes."—*Argonaut*.

The musician was visibly annoyed.

"But, hang it all," he said, "I told your reporter three or four times over that the violin I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and here in his report this morning there's not a word, not a word."

With a scornful laugh the editor replied:

"That is as it should be, sir. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddle advertised in this paper under two dollars a line, you come around and let me know."—*Southwestern's Book*.

GUIDE: You will be the second person, my lord, who will have climbed to the top of this mountain.

MY LORD: Yes, and who was the first?

"A post-card seller, who has now got a shop on the summit."—*Bon Vivant*.

"Ever been in Siberia?" asked the reporter.

"Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee; "I took a knouting there one summer."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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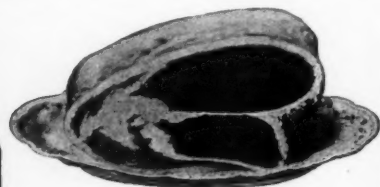
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Sherlock Holmes Meets "The Bohemian"

THE ADVENTURE OF THE EDITORIAL SHOE

By A. NOTHER DOYLE

BEING A GENUINELY UNAUTHORIZED SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY, DEMONSTRATING ANEW
THE FAMOUS SLEUTH'S REMARKABLE POWERS OF DEDUCING FACTS FROM BLIND CLUES

Characters: PUNCH, THE BOHEMIAN
and SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Scene: PUNCH's Sanctum.

[Enter THE BOHEMIAN, bowing courteously to Punch, sitting on his editorial stool, and extending his card.]

THE BOHEMIAN: This is *Punch*, I believe?

PUNCH: And this is *The Bohemian*? I am delighted to meet you, sir. I have heard of you often and have looked you over when you weren't looking. I am glad you called, and that isn't a "bromide," either. Oh, I beg your pardon! *Mr. Bohemian*, this is *Mr. Sherlock Holmes*.

THE BOHEMIAN: *Punch* and the famous detective in one morning! I am indeed fortunate. (*Extending his hand to Holmes*.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES (*smiling and shaking hands*): I have never happened to hear of you, *Mr. Bohemian*, but I have been in Kamchatka on a very interesting case and I have been out of touch for the past sixteen months. (*Glancing intently at the tip of The Bohemian's shoe*.) I see you have jumped into this magazine game since I left; that you are published by the Outing Publishing Company at Deposit, N. Y., with offices in New York and Chicago; that you are a first-class storyteller, given also to good humor and bright verse; that your forefathers were Scotch; that your great-grandfather fought in the War of 1812, and that you have come to ask *Punch* how he likes THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CUPID and that series on HUMOROUS COLLEGE JOURNALISM which you began in your

November number by describing "The Harvard Lampoon."

THE BOHEMIAN and PUNCH (*in an astonished chorus*): Why! How! Where did you learn all this?

SHERLOCK HOLMES (*nonchalantly*): My dear sirs, it is all an open book. As I have often said, *everything* is logically deducible from *anything* else. Every man carries his career, its achievements and his own ancestry on his person. It is *logic, logic*—the same logic which makes me certain that *Mr. Bohemian* has reached land-wide popularity. How do I *know*? Let me illustrate. Look at that bit of mud on *Mr. Bohemian's* shoe. The bootblack on Piccadilly has tried to shine it over. But he could not. Now, from my collection of mud from all quarters of the world, and from my thorough chemical tests, I know that there is just one mud that will not come off when the Piccadilly bootblack gets busy, and that mud is at Deposit, N. Y. Naturally *The Bohemian* is therefore connected with The Outing Publishing Company, located there. Easy, you see.

PUNCH: But how did you know why he was coming here?

SHERLOCK HOLMES: Slowly, slowly. Logic is slow and the explanation long. I said he was given to telling snappy, bright, short stories. The way he carries his gloves proves that. My observation of all the best story-tellers of present-day literature makes this a matter of fact. His humor? Look at his face! Such a man as that would make all his associates see the silver lining of every dark cloud. Good verse? I listened to his step when

he came in. It was tuned exactly to iambic measure. Proves it!

PUNCH: But!

SHERLOCK HOLMES: Yes, yes, good *Punch*, he wanted to see how you liked THE DOMINANCE OF AMERICAN BEAUTY, by Perriton Maxwell, finely illustrated by half-tones; and that little autobiographical review under the heading of MY YESTERDAYS, by Robert Edson; and that college humor article on THE HARVARD LAMPOON. Why? Because a man of his good taste values your high opinion of features of excellence like these.

PUNCH: But the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CUPID?

SHERLOCK HOLMES (*slyly*): Because, gentlemen, Cupid is a live proposition with a long, busy past, spicy in many spots. His story was due to be published now. I found this out by observing two Kamchatka lovers last month. And who would publish such a pretty story but our clever, genial friend, *The Bohemian*? Yes, yes. (*Impatiently*.) It is all plain enough to any one who can see. And he is going to succeed! I can see that by the way he wears his scarf-pin. All people who succeed have just that little knack in sticking the pin into the cravat. But, gentlemen, good-day. I must be going. (*Exit*.)

PUNCH: Wonderful, wonderful man! How he does divine the truth! And Sherlock Holmes is infallible. What he says must be true. But, *Mr. Bohemian*, it is a hot morning. Would you—

THE BOHEMIAN: Thanks. Delighted. (*Exit both*.)

NOTE—Sherlock Holmes evidently took for granted that it was known that the home address of THE BOHEMIAN is Deposit, N. Y., that it retails at Ten Cents a copy at news stands, and that it is One Dollar a year by subscription.



CONVENIENT BANKING

The Bank Examiners of the Treasury Department have some odd and amusing experiences during their investigations of country banks.

At one small and primitive institution in Kentucky an examiner found a deficiency of \$100. Of course, an explanation was demanded.

The cashier made a brave attempt to look wise. Finally he took \$100 from a private money-drawer. "There, that will fix it," he said.

"How will you enter that to make good the balance?" asked the examiner.

The cashier looked bewildered, but finally said he would not enter it at all.

"You see," he remarked, "that drawer I just went into to make the balance is what we call the 'outs and over' drawer. Whenever we're out of balance we go to 'outs and over' to make things right. Then, again, when the sheet shows more cash than we ought to have the surplus goes to the drawer. Funny the city banks never thought of that scheme."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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GIVING HIM A CHANCE

Mrs. Wilson's husband was often obliged to go to New York on business, and frequently did not reach his home until the arrival of the midnight train. Mrs. Wilson had been in the habit of sleeping peacefully at these times without fear, but a number of burglaries in the neighborhood during one of her husband's trips to New York had disturbed her calm.

On the night of his return Mr. Wilson was stealing carefully up the front stairs, as was his wont on such occasions, so that his wife would not be awakened, when he heard her voice, high and strained:

"I don't know whether you are my husband or a burglar," came the excited tones; "but I am going to be on the safe side and shoot, so if you are Henry you'd better get out of the way!"
—*Youth's Companion*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

MAINTAINING DISCIPLINE

It is evident, by an anecdote taken from the London *Mirror*, that there are some persons who regard discipline as an end and not as a means. Not even the seed of insubordination had a chance under the eye of Sergeant Day.

"Tention!" he cried to his squad. "Quick march! Left wheel! Halt! Take Murphy's name for talking in the ranks."

"But he wasn't talking," protested a corporal, who was standing near.

"Wasn't he?" roared Sergeant Day. "Then cross it out and put him in the guard-room for deceiving me."

WIFE: Well, I declare. Here's an old school friend of mine who has just made a fortune.

HUSBAND: All right, my dear, Go ahead. Tell me that you might have married him.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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AN EXCUSE

"LAST winter you promised that in the spring you would pay me the hundred marks I lent you."

"Pardon, madam. but this year we have had no spring!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

"So you think there is less bribery among public officials than formerly?"

"I'm sure of it," said Senator Sorghum. "It's gotten so that a man can't tell whether an offer of money is a bona-fide transaction or merely a trap to get a man before the grand jury."—*Washington Star*

A WESTERNER visiting New York was held up by a highwayman with the demand, "Give me your money, or I'll blow your brains out!" "Blow away," said the Westerner. "You can live in New York without brains, but you can't without money."—*Christian Register*.

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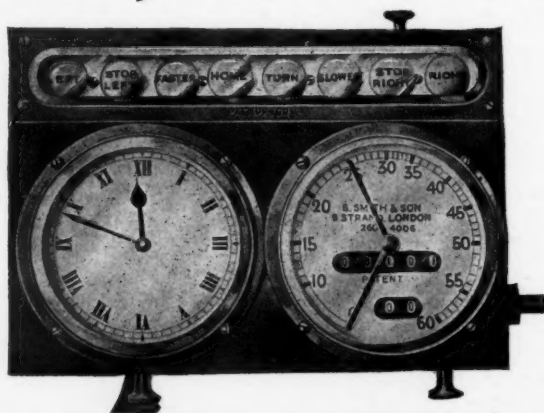
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